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ISAAC ADOLPH CREMIEUX.

Sans peur et sans reproche.

BY BENJAMIN F. PEIXOTTO.

OUR illustrious and venerable co-religionist, M. CREMIEUX, forms one of the Provisional Government in the new Republic of *la belle France*.

Eminent as advocate, orator, statesman and philanthropist, we have just cause to hail his prominence among the noble patriots who are now seeking to rebuild on the ruins of imperialism an enduring form of government for their country.

A life of earnest effort is a sure guarantee of wisdom, for nothing so exalts the soul as unselfish labor in the cause of humanity.

He who gives the best years of his life to the elevation of his fellow-man, who is neither vanquished by temporary defeat, envious opposition, prejudice of race, or carping criticism of apparent but not real inconsistencies, rises as the years roll on to that proud eminence whence he can defy all cavil, and conscious of the rectitude of his actions, proceed without fear in the execution of self-imposed labors in the interest of country and conscience. Patriotism and humanity are the noblest virtues adorning human character. Love of country—devotion to the land of our birth, sympathy for suffering humanity, earnest toil to ameliorate misery, to break the fetters of oppression, to sow the seed of intelligence; these are the noblest enterprises of man, in the pursuit of which he approaches near to the likeness in which he was created, the image of the Divine Source of his origin—the Supreme Intelligence—God.

The life of ADOLPH CREMIEUX has been devoted to these lofty ends. Wealth and power and age have neither blinded or broken his incorruptible, inflexible spirit, but with the increase of these he has only the more advanced in the work of philanthropy, and liberty, and progress.

No country has been too far away, no people too obscure in the darkness of their own or surrounding circumstances, to dampen his ardor or remit his energies. Thus typhus and cholera and ignorance have been fought in Morocco, Tunis, Palestine and Syria. Asia and Africa alike testify to his labors. Thus Russia and Roumania bear witness to his efforts in behalf of outraged humanity, against remorseless tyranny, blind intolerance and bloody persecution. Espousing the cause of the Jew wherever despotism and disease have most wrought havoc, he has exerted every instrumentality to extinguish the one and avert the ravages of the other. The eternal flowers of life are those springing from the seed of education, and the schools of Morocco and Adrianople, of Damascus and Tan-

giers, of Mogador and Jerusalem—nay, of even far distant Bagdad, in bearing testimony to his sleepless energy and untiring zeal, will renew and keep for-

of CREMIEUX's eloquence has no bounds. Though at first favorable to the regency of the Duchess d'Orleans, he soon after advocated a Provisional Government,

stood like adamant by the flag of his country. However much he may have loathed despotism, hated absolutism, spurned imperialism; however much he may have doubted the integrity of Napoleon; however much he had opposed time and again his policy; however much he had exposed the errors of that monarch's ways; however much his soul thirsted for the liberties of France—her democracy—her republicanism—her freedom; yet, he felt that the moment the sword was unsheathed, it was the nation whose life and whose honor were at stake. True as steel he stood by the flag of his country. Emperor or no Emperor, it was France for whom his soul throbbed, his heart beat, and there in the Chambers he stood with his white hairs falling about his noble head, uttering those words of patriotic eloquence that found an echo in every honest man's heart throughout the world.

But when the eagles fell at Sedan and the story of the Second Empire was ended, O how the heart of the patriot leaped into his throat as with beaming eyes and choking voice he proclaimed Liberty to France, Liberty and Freedom forever!

Since that hour he has bent every energy of his soul to reconstruct the government of France upon that indestructible basis upon which all government to be enduring must rest, that basis so grandly set forth in our own *Magna Charta*, our immortal Declaration of Independence—"that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

It is CREMIEUX to-day who is the supreme head of Justice in France, may, such is the wisdom and power and ability of the brave old patriot-statesman, that *ad interim* he takes the portfolio of the War Ministry, and France reverberates at this hour with his clarion notes hastening the organization and equipment of the Garde Mobile and Garde Nationale! His energy is as irresistible as his eloquence is matchless. *In him word and deed are one and inseparable.* His whole life has been marked by the most glorious enthusiasm, joined with wisdom and valor, moderation and justice, magnanimity and humanity. His prominence at this juncture gives assurance of success to the new-born Republic of France.

Our noble Republic has been the first to recognise her young sister, whose traditional sympathies have ever been with us. We pay back the debt incurred in our own struggling infancy. Twice before has France sought to imitate our example. This is the third time and in behalf of her hitherto shackled but ever brave and courageous and liberty-loving and tolerant people, and for the sake of the millions yet enslaved under governments where man not men rule despotically, we invoke the aid of the God of Israel and Humanity to bless CREMIEUX and his brave associates, and give to France, Peace and Liberty!

Gallery of Distinguished Israelites.



ISAAC ADOLPH CREMIEUX, MINISTER OF JUSTICE, REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.

ever green the memory of their illustrious founder.

ISAAC ADOLPH CREMIEUX was born at Nimes, on the 10th of April, 1796. He studied law at Aix, and was admitted to the bar in his native town in 1817, being then in his twenty-first year. At first he was not successful. Stubborn jade that she is, fortune rarely smiles upon the earlier efforts of the great.

But there is no difficulty to him who wills. The discouragements of reverse and the obstacles which few fail to meet in the outset of their career, serve only to inspire anew the heart and brain of the ambitious and undaunted. Thus in 1830, we find the young avocat's claims already recognized, when he was chosen to act as counsel for GUERVON RANVILLE, one of the ministers of Charles X. Removing to Paris, he was fortunate in purchasing of the celebrated ODILLON BARROT his office and function as avocat. In 1842 he took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, on the extreme left, as deputy from Chinon. By his systematic attacks on the government he paved the way to the revolution of 1848, and it was he, who warned Louis Philippe and his Queen to leave France if they would avert the fate of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. His gallantry in saving the Queen is well remembered, and his popularity with the people was so great that he was borne in triumph on their shoulders to the Chambers.

We have conversed with one who witnessed this scene, and whose eulogium

and was chosen Minister of Justice, the position he again occupies. He voted for Louis Napoleon, December 10th, 1848, as President, but from the time of the *Coup d'Etat* abandoned public life, until his constituents again insisted upon his representing the principles of constitutional liberty of which he was their darling advocate, and he again took his seat in the Chambers on the most liberal side, with JULES FAVRE, FERRY and SIMON. In 1860, he founded the *Alliance Israélite Universelle*, which society has proved the crowning glory of his noble life. In its behalf and in the interest of our brethren, he has journeyed far and wide, and the Great Powers of Europe and the Sultans of the East have listened and harkened not in vain to the magic of his impassioned eloquence and the justice of his cause. Our brethren in Europe and the Orient owe to him a lasting debt of gratitude, and still he labors with unflagging spirit and indefatigable ability.

Blessed with wealth, his *Salon* in Paris has ever been the resort of the gifted and cultured, and his munificent hospitality no less than his boundless charity have marked him every inch a man, (though *en passant* we may state that in stature he stands no higher than the lamented Douglass, and like him may be called in this respect the "Little Giant"). A great lover of the fine arts, M. CREMIEUX is especially fond of music, and among his many other accomplishments is a distinguished amateur musician.

When the present war broke out he

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF
OF THE
PERSECUTED JEWS
OF
ROUMANIA.

In the accounts received from time to time from Roumania, we have read how robbery, violence, and bloodshed, have at last been stayed by the interposition of a foreign Consul; sometimes a Greek, sometimes an Austrian, sometimes a French, sometimes an English, but never by an American Consul. And why? Simply because our great Republic has no such representative in that country.

ISRAELITES!

The interest created in behalf of our brethren in Roumania, growing out of the fell spirit of persecution rampant there, has called forth this article on the subject which seeks to present the true situation of affairs and to enlist your sympathies in a cause sacred to humanity and Israel.

The population of Roumania is estimated at 5,000,000 souls, of whom 500,000 are Jews.

The government of Roumania is that of the nature of a limited elective monarchy under the sovereignty of the Porte; the Hospodar, or Prince, being elected for life, by an assembly of Deputies chosen by the Boyars from their own order, and confirmed by the Sultan and the legislative power, residing in an elective diet of forty-two members, chosen by the people to serve five years.

The Judiciary consists of a Supreme Court of Justice at Bucharest and Craiova, and a tribunal of the first instance in the chief town of each circle or district. Michael Couza, a native of Moldavia, was elected Prince on the fifth day of February, 1859.

On the 28th of February, 1866, a military insurrection broke out in Bucharest which proved a complete success; Prince Couza, the reigning Hospodar, was surprised and arrested in his palace and compelled to abdicate.

The legislative assembly, in compliance with the general wish of the people for the election of a sovereign from one of the reigning families of Europe, chose the Count of Flanders, brother of the King of Belgium, as Hospodar, who however declined.

The provisional government on the 13th of April proposed Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who was accordingly elected by a plebiscite. A conference of representatives of the great European powers declared, on the 13th of May, the election of Prince Charles contrary to existing treaties, but the newly elected legislative assembly confirmed the election, and Charles, on the 20th of May, unexpectedly arrived in the country and assumed the reins of government.

The Porte protested against the accession to the throne of Prince Charles, and even threatened to expel him by force of arms. This plan however was abandoned upon the advice of the Great Powers, and finally the Porte consented to recognize the permanent union of Moldavia and Wallachia under the name of Roumania, and under the rule of Prince Charles and his heirs.

The Prince governs under a constitution assisted by a cabinet of Ministers. His youth and inexperience have apparently unfitted Charles to govern, as nearly all his chief Ministers have exercised a baneful influence which he has not been able, or if able, not willing to control. It is true that he has removed minister after minister, and especially such monsters of barbarity as Bratiano and Cogonilciano, but his other appoint-

ments have proved his inability to cope with those, who systematically seek to undermine the security of that portion of his subjects—our brethren—who contribute most to the welfare and prosperity of the country.

The persecutions practised against the Jews have been constant, and in 1868 reached such a degree of barbarity, that the Great Powers of Europe were compelled to interfere in their behalf, and demand protection for the persecuted. To this they were mainly instigated by the efforts of Mons. Adolph Cremieux, Dr. Albert Cohn, and Sir Moses Montefiore, who visited Bucharest in the interest of our people.

The outrages of this year should be familiar to all readers of Jewish journals. They have abated neither in number or violence, and the distress of our co-religionists cries aloud to every feeling heart for sympathy and intervention.

Of the character of these persecutions, only a few instances need be cited.

From early times, with some occasional exceptions, common to all parts of Europe, the Jews of Moldavia and Wallachia had enjoyed tranquility, and been enabled to pursue their industrial avocations without molestation. Prince Charles selected for his first minister Bratiano, a man who proved himself to be a very Haman in his persecutions of our race. By his acts the Jews were deprived of their landed interests, expelled from their farms, and many expatriated from the country.

Numbers of Jews were seized, put in fetters and forcibly conveyed by troops to be embarked on the Danube for transportation to some unknown land. Bratiano's ordinances declared by a single stroke of the pen that all contracts made by Israelite farmers with either the government or private persons be annulled. That they be expelled from their farms, inns, and holdings in the country. On his arrival in Jassy he issued a decree still more barbarous, ordering the police to rush in upon the Jews, and without judicial authority, without distinction of rank or age, brutally load them with irons and have them transported beyond the Danube. An eye witness of these and similar scenes says: "Nothing is heard in the streets but cries of distress from the wives and children of the poor transported victims. They hunt them down. They fetter the old and infirm, and without pity, force them into banishment." This was in 1866-7-8. Through the removal of Bratiano at the request of France these acts were not openly persevered in, but secret persecutions were continued.

The new minister Cogonilciano exhibited no improvement. On the contrary he openly declared that he would not tolerate the Jews; that he would have them expelled, that the Great Powers of Europe had no right to interfere in the internal affairs of Roumania, not even if all the Jews were slaughtered in one day.

In Galatz, in February (1869), a boy commenced a violent assault upon a Jew, who in his endeavor to defend himself struck his assailant a blow which felled him to the ground. Immediately a cry was raised, a mob of a thousand gathered together and a scene of the utmost violence ensued. They fell upon the Jews and beat them most unmercifully, paying no regard to age or condition.

They broke open and pillaged their synagogues, tore the sacred scrolls of the law to tatters and with ruthless hands destroyed the buildings. Thirty-six Israelites were barbarously murdered, and had it not been for the final interference of the Greek Consul, no one can say what would have been the end of this frightful outrage, for from the commencement to the close, the police made no attempt to quell it. Later on the 23d of April (1869), dreadful scenes were enacted in the villages in the vicinity of Buckowina. Six hundred families without regard to age, sex, or condition, were driven from their homes, robbed and outraged. Some had their hair torn from their heads, their beards plucked out by the roots, and some were

thrown into the river. The fanatical superstition of their persecutors may be imagined, when it is stated that upon drowning a Jew, they cried out: "From this act rain will come!"

On Sunday, the 24th of April, towards evening, the citizens of Tekusch attacked the Jewish inhabitants of the town and maltreated them in the most horrible manner. Many fled into the open fields abandoning their homes and property, those remaining were almost all killed; their stores were plundered, their houses destroyed; the two synagogues demolished; the scrolls of law torn to pieces and scattered about the streets. Such scenes continued for five hours when all became quiet. On the 25th the tumult was renewed with increased violence. Sixty soldiers came in the morning from the camp to the city; the Jews thinking these soldiers came for their protection, returned to their homes, but towards evening the terrible scenes of the previous day were repeated with even greater fury, for women and children were in a number of instances not spared the cruelty of their unrestrained and brutal assailants. That night was a night of horror for our poor, unhappy people, mothers weeping and wailing, hunting through the fields for their lost and terror-stricken dear ones!

Tekusch is not overrun with Jews (the general plea of the Roumanians); out of a population of 5,000 male inhabitants, there were only sixty to seventy Jewish families, and of these many were mechanics. The *Roumanian Moniteur* contained a mitigated account of these violent scenes. It admitted, however, that the mob was armed with knives and revolvers! The Government ordered troops from Galatz to Tekusch to preserve order!

The *Trompette Capillor*, however, (a paper of the largest circulation in Roumania, and whose Editor is one of the bitterest enemies of the Jews,) called upon the whole population to "make subscriptions for the purchase of medals to commemorate the memorable days at Tekusch!"

Last winter all the Jews of a village, in the district of Bacan, were robbed, tortured, and driven from their homes into the open fields; exposed to the bitter cold, their sufferings were intensified and many helpless children perished.

In the district of Falsi, 500 Jews were grossly maltreated and expelled. In many towns the right hitherto conceded to them to exercise commercial pursuits has been taken away.

On the 28th, 29th and 30th of December last, the Roumanian Chambers debated the measures adopted against the Jews.

"The Jews," said several deputies "are incapable of civilization, they can never become true Roumanians; they must be forbidden to lease farms and to acquire property; they must be driven away from the villages; the borders must be closed against them; their number must be reduced to at least a tenth part of the population."

Other deputies expressed themselves still more violently. "The best way," said deputy Eliade, "to get rid of flies is to hide the honey. Let us do the same with the Jews. Let us take from them the honey, that is, industry and commerce, and we will see whether they will come yet." No voice was raised against this scheme of robbery, so openly declared.

The Minister excused himself for not being able to do more against the Jews, than he had done already. In reply to his speech, a deputy exclaimed, "Drown them in the Danube!"

In May, of the present year, occurred those frightful scenes of cruelty, which gave rise to the dispatch of June 1st from Constantinople, bearing intelligence of the massacre of 1,000 Jews—men, women and children, and which caused such a thrill of horror to pulsate through all hearts alive to humanity.

Happily, these terrible tidings proved exaggerated, but the fact remains that violent outrages were committed, have since been committed, are still being committed.

It has been stated, that these crimes have been perpetrated in consequence of measures adopted by the Roumanian government for the relief of the Jews.

Were not these measures adopted to create precisely the state of affairs which has been brought about?

Cogonilciano removed, Euperano takes his place only to yield up his portfolio as minister after a vain struggle (if a struggle it may be called) to effect a change of policy dictated by every instinct of humanity.

What the true situation of affairs is to-day no one knows, but every private letter received from Roumania contains intelligence of continued outrages, of robberies, murders, mock trials and mockeries of justice.

If it be that Prince Charles really desires the welfare of his half million Jewish subjects, and cannot secure support at home, the greater the need of giving him assistance from abroad. To withhold it would be a crime, to give it would soon test the truth or falsity of his royal professions.

These crimes outrage the boasted civilization of the 19th century, and appeal to every humane heart for redress. The moral influence of the United States Government has been often exerted in behalf of suffering humanity. Again may its potential voice be raised, and not in vain, if the Israelites of the United States will back it up with that material support so necessary to secure practical results.

To construct out of a beggarly Consultship a first class Missionary—to work in the interest of our co-religionists—is the imperative demand of the hour.

ISRAELITES! will you not come to the rescue? Will you not testify to an all generous and beneficent Father the appreciation you have of the blessings enjoyed under the benign institutions of this great republic of liberty? Will you not now, at the period of our sacred festivals, manifest the sincerity of your sympathy for the down-trodden and oppressed of other lands? The God of Israel has been most munificent in the gifts he has showered upon your head. Will you not exhibit your thanks in a somewhat corresponding manner?

To accomplish the objects of this Mission; to secure the favor and influence of the government and press of Roumania; to create a change of public sentiment in the minds of the population; to spread educational and progressive ideas among our own sadly antiquated people; to exhibit the humanity of our hearts, the honesty of our minds, in the sympathy we have expressed for their wrongs; and to secure their civil and religious liberty, material means must be forthcoming; and these must be ample to insure success, and thus provided, success, under the benign instrumentalities of Heaven, will not be doubtful.*

ISRAELITES! in this work it is little you are asked to contribute, but that little may be as a cup of water to famishing lips. With downcast eyes and broken hearts our brethren in Roumania await their doom; for, unless foreign succor reach, the same fate awaits them that befell our kindred near the close of the fifteenth century when 600,000 Hebrews were driven from Spain!

Can you suffer such a fate to befall them and eat your bread in peace? But a few short seasons since Russia drove our brethren out of Bessarabia (an adjoining province to Moldavia). They flocked into Roumania only to be stricken again, and to bring fresh horrors upon their numerous brethren already sorely oppressed. Roumania seeks to imitate Russia; shall she be permitted to do so without one brave effort on your part to avert so dire a calamity? Accursed should be the heart that will not beat in sympathy, and palsied should be the hand that will not minister aid to

* Through the enlightened philanthropy and public spirit of Jesse SELIGMAN, Esq., of New York, "Roumania Consular Fund," is now being collected. To this fund all communities of Israel, or individual Israelites of America, are invited to contribute, and to transmit their contributions directly to Mr. JESSE SELIGMAN, 59 Exchange Place, New York.

those thus threatened. Rather should our brethren be taught to defend their property and homes, their wives and children, to meet death like men, to perish like martyrs, than suffer such a fate! Five hundred thousand people must have 50,000 men capable of defence; the Roumanians are proverbially cowards (men who assail women and children, and helpless and infirm age, are always cowards); let us inspire our brethren with more of the feeling evinced by fifty Jewish young men, of a little town of Roumania, who a few months ago banded together for defence and defied the whole town risen in violence against their Jewish neighbors. As long as they stood resolute the cowardly miscreants dared not approach; it was only at nightfall when they separated for their homes that these butchers fell upon them individually and wreaked their dastardly purpose! Moral heroism oftentimes equals physical force, and unity of purpose on the part of a few brave hearts secures liberty and independence.

It was thus our glorious Judas Maccabeus defeated the myriads who sought to perpetuate their thraldom; it was thus our American ancestors won freedom from the yoke of foreign oppression.

Rather let our Jewish brethren die on the soil they have enriched by a century of industry and toil, where they have built their homes, garnered up their treasures, buried their dear ones, and formed their hopes, than be mercilessly plundered and banished.

But they will not be brought to this trial; the spirit which dwells in the hearts of American Israelites will not force upon them this ordeal. We can save them from both death and banishment. At least we can make the effort to do so, and trust to the genius of the age, and the God of justice and mercy to avert so dire a catastrophe.

History is divided as to whether the ancestors of the Roumanians were the *Convicts* or the *Heroes* of Rome. Rome, in her elder day, seated on her seven hills, mistress of the world! My own judgment inclines to the latter belief, and that they have fallen from grace, only from contact with those hordes of Northern barbarians who from time to time, for centuries past, have heaped upon them every scourge and ignominy.

Out of the depths of their own degradation shall spring forth their lost liberties; education shall rear school houses, and enlightenment banish prejudice and obliterate superstition.

The world moves, dynasties quake, Napoleon has fallen!

The idea—dear to every American heart—of the capacity of the people for self-government, is again triumphantly asserted.

France and Germany called upon her children—adopted citizens of this free republic—to respond to the voice of humanity, to bind up the wounds of the bleeding, to console the widowed and orphaned. From every city, town, village and hamlet there has been a response, and such a response! Seas cannot divide, time or distance alienate the love of kindred of race, of country.

The voice of Israel cries from Roumania! It is the voice of humanity!

Persecution, torture, outrage, violence, robbery, murder, shriek for help! Let not these terrible cries fall heedless on our ears. Let not our hearts be alive only to pity. Let us rather stretch forth our hands and extend that succor which alone can put an end to suffering.

Let us back up the action of our noble Republic by such manifestations as will testify the sincerity of our professions by such tangible evidences of appreciation as will obtain, if not indemnity for the past, at least security and protection for the future.

The world looks on to see whether the race of Jacob are still bound by those ties of sympathy which have in all ages united the children of Israel by a common ancestry and a common tongue.

Let the world see that we Israelites of free and happy America are true to the obligations of the past, strong in our hopes of the future—that though scattered, we are not divided—

that the same heart beats in our bosom, the same aspiration fills our soul. Pity calls for deeds! Words are vain, actions alone speak the truth. Let us deserve and we shall receive the respect of mankind.

We have proven how free institutions develop the latent powers of the Jew. How capable we are to exercise the highest prerogatives of freemen, to make good citizens, to share the responsibilities of the State, to discharge the highest duties of public trust. Let us bring home to the Roumanians these incontestable evidences. Let that one* of our number chosen by the United States government as her representative, bear these testimonies to that land, and from out of the darkness which now envelopes the scene, where dwell so many of our brethren, a light may speedily break forth which shall scatter oppression, obliterate prejudice, and give birth to liberty and emancipation.

AN AMERICAN ISRAELITE.

* BENJAMIN F. PEIXOTTO.

JUSTICE ABROAD.*

The Monde newspaper, which is not over fond of the Jews, is not any better disposed towards the Greeks. Its opinions, therefore, on Moldo-Wallachian affairs, are entitled to some consideration. Very interesting is the information it conveys in a recent issue on the administration of justice in that country. It is quite to the point.

The Danubian Principalities, chiefly Moldavia, are largely populated by the children of Israel, who went thither at different periods, from Galicia and Hungary. Some of them have turned innkeepers and farmers, after performing the most menial services during a great number of years; the majority are engaged in various branches of commerce and industry. Many are wealthy—millionaires even—and are respected by the yeomanry and lower classes. Those, however, who have not yet discovered *Factolus*, live alternately in misery and vagrancy, hunted down by the police, or massacred by the populace, as happened under the ministry of Bratianno. It is no exaggeration on our part to say that, if there were no Jews in Moldavia-Wallachia, it would be necessary to create or invent them for the benefit of the country.

In fact, the Jew is intelligent, sober, industrious, and wonderfully persevering in all that he undertakes. The people among whom he dwells have just the opposite qualities, together with all the vices of the Orientals. Their boasting equals their corruption. If the Jew is not generally a model of probity, especially in commercial dealings, how many of the better classes of the Moldo-Wallachians are able to trace an honorable pedigree beyond the third or fourth generation? In a great number of cases the schismatic Greek is inferior to the Jew. Time and again have we spoken severely of the Jews; let us be just this time. The way justice is meted out to him in an infinite number of cases, will now occupy our attention.

The Moldo-Wallachian, who is too proud and indolent to cultivate his lands, frequently leases it for a long term to a Jew. Many years of careful farming never fail to recompense the industrious husbandman; but the first crops, be they ever so abundant, seldom pay the enormous expenses of the Jewish agriculturist, as well as the rent of the ground. This lease, however, which has long time to run, and is legally faultless, leads him to wait patiently for the fruit of his labor.

But the dreams and hopes of the farmer are suddenly cut short by the arrival of an officer, who notifies him to leave the premises, the contract between him and the Moldo-Wallachian being cancelled; the latter finding his land in an improved condition, and not scrupling to eject, demands possession. The leasee shows his lease to be in order,

exhibits his rent receipts, and finally, goes for advice, justice and protection to the Austrian Consul. His landlord, meanwhile, has contrived to get justice on his side, and the miserable Jew is mercilessly driven from the land. We must not omit to say that the unfortunate man sometimes gets a drubbing, or a slight indemnity for his large outlays. As to the judge, he never fails to be suitably rewarded by the opposite party. A multitude of similar cases could be attested by the Austrian Consuls in every part of the country.

But here is something more revolting. The Moldo-Wallachian is a veritable pasha in his country—a brutal libertine, an insolent and haughty pasha, who fancies that all creation was made to serve him. Everything and everybody must minister to his whims. It is meritorious to thrash a Jew; to murder him is a mere peccadillo; but it is esteemed the highest virtue to imitate certain Olympian deities in their most immoral actions. Scandal and crime are not unfrequently public. Justice, however, closes its eyes and turns a deaf ear to all this. And if the authorities sometimes interfere with these disgraceful proceedings, it is only to threaten with imprisonment or banishment such Jews or Jewesses who bring complaints before the Consul. Decency forbids us to say more on this matter. Our readers have surely not forgotten the allusion we made not long ago, to the abduction of two Jewish girls in the interest of a Roumanian Jupiter. And who knows what crimes and outrages are hidden from the public? Never, in any country, was justice so base and venal as in the Danubian Provinces.

* Translated from the *Revue Israelite*.

A WIFE'S DUTY.

EVERY wife knows her husband's income, or ought to know it. That knowledge should be the guide of her conduct. A clear understanding respecting domestic expense is necessary to the peace of every dwelling. If it be little, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." If it is ample, let it be enjoyed with all thankfulness. We believe that partners in privation are more to each other than partners in wealth.

Those who have suffered together love more than those who have rejoiced together. Love is "the drop of honey in the draught of gall." When the wife, seeing her duty, has made up her mind to this, she will brighten her little home with smiles that will make it a religion of perpetual sunshine. She will never imply a wish for things which are the appendages of wealth. She knows they could not be purchased at a cost from which she turns shudderingly. Following, with the acuteness of a quickened affection, every turn of her husband's thoughts, if she discovers that he leans towards the world's good things, that he gives orders to the wine merchant beyond the bounds of their enforced temperance; that city luxuries are sent to her, then let her bestir for his safety and her own, for they are indissolubly united. If he brings her home expensive boxes of sweetmeats, half a dozen packages of French gloves, then let her remember that these things are the beginning of evil. Let her take woman's power into her own hands, and by all the gentleness of love and powerful arguments of truth, let her win him back to the contentment with the lot that Heaven has bestowed, and so force him to acknowledge that its best blessing is his wife.

THE epochs of our life are not in the visible facts of our choice of a calling, our marriage, acquisition of an office, or the like,—but a silent thought by the wayside as we walk; in a thought which revises our entire manner of life and says: "Thus hast thou done, but it were better thus."

MARRIAGE.

It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations, and desires, with reference to their present means, and to their future and common interests. Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge of industry, have joined heart and hand and engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, whilst, perhaps, the little darling sits prattling upon the floor, or lies sleeping in the cradle—and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure and bright prospects are all here.

But it has become a prevalent sentiment, that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries—that the wife must have no sympathy, nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy. It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice—it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune, and passively sustained, without any care or concern on their part—and thus many a wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a helpmate, "a help-eat." —Winslow.

THE PRESS ON ROUMANIA.

Rabbi Sneedsohn, in his eloquent and impassioned appeal to the American people for justice to the Israelites of Roumania, made two very good practical suggestions. The first was that the United States could greatly further the cause of justice by appointing to the American Consulates in that distant country, such of our adopted citizens as are in sympathy with the persecuted race. There are many of our citizens who are of the same race and faith as these unfortunate persons, of whom Roumania contains half a million; and it would certainly be in consonance with the broad catholicity which characterizes our Republican theoretical polity if more of these were sent to represent their adopted country in Roumania. The Government of the United States is progressive and liberal in its character, and it should be one of the first in the world to show its appreciation of the situation of affairs in Roumania, not only by sending there such Consuls, but by adopting the second suggestion of the speaker to whom we have referred—calling the attention of the Roumanian Government to the oppressions of the Israelitish people, and diplomatically remonstrating against their continuance. It is fitting that this country, the refuge of the oppressed of all nations, should be firm in exercising its legitimate influence for humanity's freedom and deliverance from bondage everywhere.—*Alta California*.

It is easy, in the world, to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own. But the great man is he, who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of his character.

BISMARCK AND THE JEWS.

THE POLICY OF HUMILIATING FRANCE.

In one of Count Bismarck's earliest speeches in the Prussian Parliament he gives as his reason for excluding the Jews from official life that the law of every Christian country ought to be an attempt, however imperfect, to embody Christian principles, and that, therefore, it was impossible to intrust with the administration of the law those who did not recognize such principles at all. We wonder how far this conviction of Count Bismarck's will affect his view of the terms of peace which he is willing to offer to France. Will he be disposed to admit that Christian principles have anything whatever to do with foreign policy when it comes to a question of how a victorious nation should treat a vanquished nation?

For the sake of France, we wish to see no unnecessary, no needless attempt to humiliate her more than she is, by absolute failure of a most shameful aggression. What she needs, more even than education and repose, is a release from the constant self-consciousness and vanity which are always stimulating her to measure herself against the rest of the world. *La grande nation* will never forget herself while a brief but unforgettable humiliation is rankling in her heart and crying for vengeance. If France is to recover her equanimity and her generosity, she must be able to think of herself without that self-contempt which a humiliation such as the loss of French territory would inflict. France needs the stoicism of a mental discipline to leave her less sensible to her exact degree of influence among the nations. That she will pursue the path of development, if not artificially driven into the Tantalus-task of wresting again her laurels from the foe, is probable and quite within reasonable hope. But if she feel the knife through a great territorial loss of strength, the first object of any popular statesman must be to prepare for the recovery of her position. Another man will arise to represent, as did the present Emperor, "a principle, a memory and a defeat," the only "principle" being probably that she ought never forget the memory of her defeat, till she had wiped it out in victory. No one can deny that to wound France so that her morbidly sensitive vanity would cry out perpetually for revenge would be to extinguish for another generation the best hopes of French progress.

If France be dismembered by the will of Germany when can Europe be in equilibrium again? Germany would then become a terror to the smaller powers, like Holland and Belgium, and remain such (as she has long been) to Denmark. France would always be ready to conspire with any power, small or great, which held out to her a hope of retrieving the past. The hatred of races would grow fierce. The Celtic blood in Belgium would be pretty nearly sure to sympathize with the Celtic blood in France. Italy would begin to tremble before the powerful and ambitious conqueror who had humbled her old ally. In a word, the result of the war, instead of being to give Europe a new guarantee of stability in the self-restraint and moderation of its central power, would be to prostrate it by a profound unrest. And this, would be the natural result of the rise of a power so tremendous, for whose moderation we had received no sort of guarantee. In fact the rise of any new power on such a scale as this—a power able in a month to lay the greatest State in Europe low—is a matter for anxiety which can only be allayed by extraordinary evidence of its pacific magnanimity.

—London Spectator.

The Spectator is right. France needs the government of an interior life. A life of greater self-control, a life self-examining, self-abnegating, of greater calm, of repose. But France nor any other country does not require what Bismarck,

could he have his way, would impose, a life restricted to the profession of certain religious doctrines, be they Protestant, or Roman Catholic. Liberty of conscience is the great bulwark of freedom. Let every man worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. All the state can do is to found and execute its laws upon the fundamental principles of truth and justice, and from these will flow that morality which is the great safe-guard and promoter of pure living, regulating—not dictating or enforcing—the rules and usages of society and individual life.

The American Republic is a model for France and Germany, both of whose people are we believe prepared for republican institutions. In our land of liberty, as Hooker has beautifully said, law is acknowledged to have her seat in the bosom of God—her voice to be the harmony of the world; all things in heaven do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as amenable to her power; both angels, and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admire her as the mother of their peace and joy. Bismarck with all his acuteness, state-craft, and his great talents has yet a mighty lesson to learn. It is not the lesson of religious toleration merely, which he must latterly in some degree have comprehended. It is the lesson that the Almighty has made no other distinction among his creatures—human beings—than that which distinguishes them from good and evil. All men are in this sense equal no matter what the color of their skin, or the shape of their nose. While we believe that Judaism is the only true religion, and that the time will come when all men will embrace its sublime principles and acknowledge but one Supreme God, we know that all other religious systems based upon it, must possess more or less of its great principles, and that where the greatest liberty is given to thought, there the purest and truest life is found.

When Bismarck uttered the sentiment that the Jew was insensible to moral obligations because he refused to embrace Christianity, he was guilty of an intolerance, unworthy the enlightened Christian of this century; when he went further and said that he would deny the Jew the right to participate in the administration of government and law, he testified to his own incompetency as a great legislator and statesman, and sounded the knell, which sooner or later will lay him and his king prostrate at the feet of the only true sovereign for nations—the people! Before the majesty of their great power, Kings, Emperors, Popes and Ministers, must succumb; and the time is not far off, when Republican Germany will teach this lesson to her rulers, as the United States of America taught it to King George and the late Slave States.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A FEATURE of this journal will be its illustrations. We shall from time to time present portraits and sketches of distinguished Israelites, embracing eminent divines, philanthropists, jurists, merchants, artists, etc., etc.

THE Democrats of the XXII Pennsylvania Congressional District, have nominated our worthy friend and co-religionist, Isidore Coblenz, of Pittsburgh, as member of the Assembly.

B'nai B'rith Department.

ברית הדרת אתי החיים והשדים
San Francisco, October 7, 1870—5631.

The Independent Order B'nai B'rith.

On the first of November next the I. O. B. B. will have attained the 27th anniversary of its existence.

Looking back over the long years—long, only because of the mighty changes which have been wrought since the day it was first ushered into being—we are proud to recall many triumphs achieved in behalf of suffering humanity, true benevolence and something for the great cause of intellectual progress among Israelites.

To the grave have been followed many hundreds of brethren whose last hours were consoled by words of "brotherly love" and the thought that those widowed and orphaned ones left behind would not be wholly cast upon a heartless world. The tears of widows have been dried, the wants of orphans provided for; the sick have been nursed and cared for; the misfortunes of life have in many cases been mitigated and new hopes imparted to struggling toil, oftentimes resulting in restored prosperity and fresh enterprises.

From a single Lodge of thirty members the Order has grown to one hundred and fifty three Lodges with a membership verging on 15,000.

From New England to the Gulf States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the snow clad hills of the North, to the sunny glades of the South, in every considerable town a new Lodge has sprung up and fresh auxiliaries brought to the glorious band of brothers, joined in the work of "benevolence, brotherly love and harmony."

It is yet too early to write the history of the B'nai B'rith, of its early struggles, its long years of restricted activity, the prejudice entertained against the organization, its internal conflicts, its men of progress and its foes of high endeavor and exalted influence. The General Convention of 1863 tore away its veil of obscurity and brought forth into the bright dawn its noble mission of enlightened charity and intellectual advancement. Since that period from forty odd Lodges it has more than tripled its strength in numbers, while its influence has extended a powerful hand in developing the best and noblest aspirations of the Jewish heart.

The Cleveland Orphan Asylum, the Jews' Hospital in Philadelphia and other kindred institutions testify to its great excellence, and positive benefit as a charitable organization; while its many auxiliary literary societies give promise of mental achievements, which time alone is wanting to develop. It numbers among its members the most eminent in all the walks of life, merchants, bankers, lawyers, doctors, rabbies, editors, soldiers, members of Congress, governors; while the "toiling masses" find in its lodge-rooms, not only friendly recognition, but brotherly equality and the stimulus to brave deeds, and noble actions.

The Convention of 1863, which met at New York, gave the Order a new Constitution, which thus far, if it has not produced the results hoped for, has at least, not retrograded its progress. Its treasury accumulated for charitable purposes and designs, possesses a fund verging on three-quarters of a Million Dollars, and but a few years more no inconsiderable portion of this amount will be devoted to objects of general public utility in the various forms of charity, presented in the shape of Orphan Asylums, Hospitals, Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, etc.

It shall be the object of this Department to lay before its readers the aims

and objects, and to chronicle the progress of the Brotherhood in all parts of the country.

Having sublime principles for its aspirations, the practice of these in their pure and original, and most exalted scope, is alone wanting to make the B'NAI B'RITH the greatest instrumentality for good, moral, social and intellectual, which Israelites have created in America. "Upward and Onward" is the motto which has stirred man in all ages to triumph over every obstacle and achieve success.

The *Brotherhood of the Covenant* has an exalted mission to perform, let us each bear a hand in its achievement.

BUILD THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Let the B'nai B'rith have the greatest support in rearing this noble edifice in the cause of innocent childhood and helpless age.

We are gratified to learn that the interest felt in this proposed work of Charity is wide-spread, pervading the whole community of Israel in San Francisco. No loftier or nobler monument can be reared to the glory of Israel than institutions of this character. Let all hands join in this "Labor of Love" and make it an early and enduring success.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

5630 dies away amidst the roar of cannon belching forth death and desolation upon the greatest capital of modern times. The old year sinks to rest with a record rich in the experiences of the world's progress. Great events have transpired, and not a few great men have departed this life and been gathered to their fathers. The lessons of the past are ever fruitful of wisdom, teaching us how evanescent are all things terrestrial, yet marking out the way we should go if we would avoid the rocks and shoals of life. We have tears for the dead past, but its instructive counsel with Time's reconciling hand assuages our grief, while hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," whispers the future as bright with promise and rich in reward for deeds well performed, labors well bestowed.

Dawn therefore 5631, dawn in joy and bring to all trusting hearts, realization of just hopes, consummation of all worthy enterprises.

Let us as Israelites give thanks for the blessings of the past, and go forth to meet the duties of the future without fear and with manly hearts.

EUREKA SOCIAL CLUB.

This excellent society whose masquerades, balls, soirees and social gatherings are always attended by the *elite* of the city and are of the most elegant and agreeable character, propose to give on Tuesday evening, October 18th, 1870, a Grand Subscription Ball.

The Managers are gentlemen who never undertake anything without making it a complete success, and the approaching ball will be no exception to the rule.

Lovers of Terpsichore may anticipate a delightful occasion and we predict no disappointment to this expectation.

MANY men are as irrational in their passion as the old Thracians, who, when it thundered and lightened, fell to shooting towards the sky with Titanian fury, as if by flights of arrows they intended to reduce heaven to reason.

WANTED, A HOUSE!

"Wanted, a small house, by a single gentleman, in a quiet locality, about twenty miles from town, near a station. An extensive view preferred."

Such was the advertisement which I inserted in the *Times* last summer, and before three days had elapsed I received a letter from Mr. Perkins, the house-agent, informing me he had the very place I required. Delighted at meeting so soon with a probable solution to my difficulties, I went to his office to hear further particulars. I learned that it was not known to be in the market, but the present owner, a Mr. Fairfield, having gone abroad, had left private instructions with his agent to part with it, and that the furniture, which I might or might not take at a valuation, was still in it. It was in a very retired situation, there being, in fact, only one house near it, besides (at the distance of half a mile) the small station of a half completed railway and the huts of the navvies. It commanded a pretty and rather extensive prospect, and the neighborhood was considered an improved one.

Of this, and much more, the obliging agent glibly informed me, and as I expressed a wish to visit the house, which rejoiced in the name of Myrtle Villa, we ended by arranging that as the furniture was still there, and the housekeeper, an old and tried servant, had been left in charge, I should run down and take up my quarters there for two or three days, and try how I liked the place before coming to terms.

This being satisfactorily arranged, I set off the next day in search of my promised Arcadia. Having been for the last thirty years a member of the dense crowds of London, and for the last quarter of the time with health sensibly affected by its noise and restless life, I was, now that I had released myself from the trammels of business, fully prepared to enjoy what Hood calls the *otium cum dignitate* of rural felicity. A region where I should no longer respire the dense fog I had so long been breathing, and where, for sights and sounds, I should have waving trees and golden corn fields, and the song of the lark and lowing of cattle, (for the navvies were too far off to disturb me,) appeared to me Elysium. My doctor had ordered me fresh air, and above all, quiet, and I was certain I should find both at my new abode.

It was still early in the day when I arrived at my destination. The house was situated on the slope of a well-wooded hill, a nicely-arranged, scrupulously kept flower garden behind, and a little strip of grass plot, bounded by a neat railing in front. The road, it is true, was rather near the front windows, but this signified not in so retired a spot, and the neighboring house encroached somewhat on my privacy, as the windows overlooked my garden, and the dividing fence was in a high state of disrepair; but this was an evil which might be remedied with care and time, which would raise up a screen of trees between my neighbors and myself; and, moreover, so that I was left alone to come out of my shell at my own time and humor, I was not disposed to play the hermit.

My feelings of satisfaction increased this, after examining the house, which was sufficiently commodious, and giving my letter of credence to the housekeeper, (who by the way, seemed in nowise glad to see me, but disposed to stand upon her own dignity,) I returned to the garden. The air was so pure, the scenery so delightful, the quiet so intense, that I felt my life would be worth ten years longer purchase if I closed with the bargain.

"I'll write to-night to buy the house," I mentally exclaimed. "I can see at a glance it will do for me; I was over-cautious. With the repose and comfort I shall have here, I shall be a young man in six months. I have been wishing for years to have a lodge in some vast wilderness, and here it is to my hand. Such skies, such fields, such trees, such quiet! I might have gone twice the

distance from town, and not met its equal. Now I think of it, I'll go in and write my letter at once.

I turned towards the house; but a new actor had entered upon my solitude. A large mastiff lay with his nose between his paws on the hall steps, one eye closed, but the other blinking and winking in the bright sun with no friendly intelligence. To whom could he belong? Was he a permanent inmate of the house? or could he be the property of the unamiable housekeeper, to depart when her tenure of office was over? I am naturally partial to dogs; for like unreasoning creatures, they seem aware of their friends, and favour me with a wag of the tail or a lick of the hand on first acquaintance; but I dislike the look of this dog, and the brute knew it.

His lips curled back and showed the whole range of his glistening white teeth when I held out my hand to him encouragingly. "Here, poor fellow! good doggie, come to me," I said, whilst advancing to him; but my foot was no sooner set on the lowest step than, as if he had waited that signal to commence hostilities, he sprang up with such threatening growls, and eyes glaring with fury, that I began positively to feel rather nervous. I remembered that it was the dog days, and that bites were sometimes attended with disagreeable consequences. I looked about for a stick, for I had left my own in the house, but no substitute was visible.

"Poor fellow! I don't want to hurt you—I don't indeed," I said; but it produced no visible effect: he literally danced with rage from side to side of the door, barking furiously, and seeming only to wait some further provocation to be given to leap at my throat. He was so large and so powerful, and moreover, looked such a determined rascal, that I felt shy of attempting to press him; and yet it would not do to be kept out of my house all day for apparently so contemptible a reason. I turned away, and walked about and sat down for a quarter of an hour, hoping that his vigilance would relax or his anger abate; but though he seemed in the interim to slumber peacefully, on my approach his eyes, which were of two different colours reopened, and he resumed the defensive. At last, my patience being wearied out, I rang the bell, and the housekeeper appeared.

"Will you call off your dog ma'am?" I said. "I can make nothing of him."

"Oh dear sir, I don't suppose he would come to my calling!" she replied with all her former ungraciousness.

"Well try him, then, or call some one who can. I can't be kept waiting here all day," I said impatiently; and she called in a quietly endearing tone to the brute, which never stirred a hair of its tail in acknowledgment, but glared at me all the same.

"You see, sir, he won't come to me—he never would," she observed. "He will stop there as long as he has a mind to just like a Christian. Shall I bring up your dinner now, sir?"

"But how am I to get to my dinner if he does not stir?" I cried, rather exasperated. "Is he your brute, madam?"

"Oh dear no, sir, he don't belong to the house," she replied; "but he has taken up with it, as you may say. He comes here early and late; and he is as good as an alarm bell with tramps and such like. He bit a gipsy the other week really dreadful."

She was about to go, when I cried, in extremity, "But to whom does he belong, if not to you?"

"He's Mr. Marston's dog, sir," she replied.

"Send for Mr. Marston, then," said I. "Bid him fetch his dog."

"I don't know where he is, sir," she said, comfortably.

My stockade outside of my own house was becoming serious. An Englishman's house is his castle, it is true; but how if he cannot get into it? I attempted desperately to pass him, but the brute was up on his feet again, and as

distance as ever. I looked at the housekeeper desparingly.

"I'll tell you what you might do, sir," she observed—the parlor window is very near the ground. If you could get in that way, sir, you'd be safe. I never heard of this biting people in the house."

She retired after she had given me this uppalatable advice. I scanned the parlor window: it certainly was not far from the ground, and I could easily climb in; but such a mode of entering my own house was, to say the least, undignified, and I again looked at the dog. Cerebus himself could not have appeared less inviting. The smell of the chop I had ordered, which the open door allowed me to inhale, vanquished my reluctance at last, and abandoning the hall steps, I addressed myself to the window. The feat, when I attempted it, was not difficult of execution, except that Cerebus, when he saw my design of eluding him, made an ineffectual dash at my legs, causing some precipitation in my mode of entering the apartment.

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

In fact, we are continually meeting with occurrences in life that prove to us that Shakspere was wrong for once when he attached so little value to a name. A rose called by any other title may smell as sweet; but if it should perchance lack actual sweetness, the assumption of the rose's name will impart to it an imaginary perfume, which to the majority of people answers the same purpose as the genuine thing. We witnessed a pleasing instance of the influence of a name the other night at the auction of Colman's books, pictures, etc.

"Here," said the auctioneer, presenting an antique-looking volume, "here, gentlemen, is a rare and valuable work—a collection of poems, odes, and all that kind of thing, addressed to the heroes and sages of the revolution, and wedded to immortal verse the heroic events of that memorable epoch. These brilliant affairs emanated from the poet Armstrong, who in the early days of the republic contended with Joel Barlow and other choice geniuses for the laurel wreath of poetry! A great poet, gentlemen! A wonderful man! How much shall I say for this copy of his works? Very scarce!"

A Maecenas in the room, in an outburst of enthusiastic generosity, bid "twenty-five cents," and not a soul seemed inclined to advance upon it.

"Only twenty-five cents!" exclaimed the knight of the hammer. "Such an offer is an insult to genius. Recollect, this Armstrong was one of the first American poets, celebrated in his day, though perhaps somewhat neglected in ours. He was a sort of Homer—think of that! How much for this rare copy of the American Homer?"

But the purchasers were deaf to the voice of the charmer. The "American Homer" could not extort another dime from the unpoetical assembly.

"Who knows," resumed the orator, "but in after years this man may be regarded by our posterity as the Virgil or Horace of the world? Taste is capricious; but let it never be said that in the nineteenth century American citizens suffered the only volume of Armstrong's powerful and exquisite poems to go begging at twenty-five cents!"

But the names of Virgil and Horace awakened no more enthusiasm than that of Homer had done. The auctioneer looked around on the blank array of faces, and was about to "knock down" the book in despair, when another thought struck him, and he resolved on one more essay.

"Bear in mind," he resumed, "that this Armstrong was the General George P. Morris of his period. Like him, he was a hero and the laureate of heroes. He held a high military commission, and wrote impassioned, sentimental, and warlike songs on various themes. Like him, he combined in his own person the excellencies of Pindar, Horace, and Tom

Moore. Shall the work of the G. P. Morris of the revolution go for twenty-five cents? Forbid it patriotism! forbid it taste! forbid it refinement!"

The auctioneer "hit the right nail on the head" this time. This last appeal roused the enthusiasm of the bidders.

"Three shillings!" cried one.

"Fifty cents!" cried another.

For fifty cents it went; and to the fame of our friend General Morris belongs the credit of extracting a quarter of a dollar from the pockets that were closed against the several appeals of Homer, Virgil, and Horace.

A REMINISCENCE.

It was a bitter cold night in January. I had lit the gas and built a good fire—seated myself at what I called my study table, and was trying to scribble what I longed to put into ink—thoughts and feelings that had long, very long, agitated and stirred my soul; I was just getting into the mood of writing, there is such a mood—a state, when all other feelings yield to this one controlling sense, when lo! a tap at my door, and to my "come in," entered my friend and familiar BENONI. He was in one of his peculiar moods, and not noticing my work he commenced rapidly pacing up and down my carpetless room. It was in that year when I had given myself up to student life—and scorned the luxuries and comforts of gain and wealth. BENONI had been pacing up and down for some moments, when suddenly he came up to my table and raising his hand said:

"There is a deadlier pang than that which beads With chilly death-drops the o'erturn'd brow, When one has a big heart and feeble hands,

A heart to hew his name out upon time, As on a rock, then in immortality

To stand on time as on a pedestal;

When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,

We find our aspirations quenched in tears,

The tears of impotence, and self-contempt,

That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine;

I am so cursed, and wear within my soul A pang as fierce as Dives drowsed with wine,

Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams,

Waked by a fiend in hell!"

"Alexander Smith," I said. Aye—even his words, but my feelings. "Be calm my friend; sit down and tell me what new sorrow claims thee for her own." "Nay" he replied, "I cannot sit, I cannot rest, I must be moving, ever on the move, my thoughts burn within me and my brain is one fierce raging fire." Again he paced the room, then going to my window he looked out on the night, cold but starry night; and as if in a rhapsody exclaimed:

"'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me To fling a poem, like a comet, out, Far splendoring the sleepy realms of the night; I cannot give men glimpses so divine,

As when, upon a racking night, the wind Draws the pale curtains of the vapory clouds,

And shows those wonderful, mysterious voids,

Throbbing with stars like pulses,—naught for me

But to creep quietly into my grave;

Or calm and tame the swelling of my heart

With this found lie, painted as sweet as truth.

That great and small, weakness and strength

are naught,

That each thing being equal in its sphere, The May-night glow-worm with its emerald lamp

Is worthy as the mighty moon that draws

Continents in her white and silent light."

"Strange," I said. "Such were my thoughts ere you entered and, you but re-echo the stirrings of my own soul. Are you my familiar spirit, or are we in all things like Juno's swans that still went coupled and inseparable?" "I know not what your thoughts were." BENONI answered, "I but know that had I the wealth of Rothschild, I would build a name imperishable for Israel! Alas! when I think how millions are wasted by our men of wealth, and nothing rises anew to establish the glory of the Lord's anointed people, my soul sinks within me, my heart sickens and I long for—"Not death, O!

BENONI!" I quickly rose and uttered. "Live man, have patience, 'art is long time is fleeting,' what may not a day bring forth! Be strong, gird up your loins, prepare for action and the hour will yet come that will sound the tocsin that shall usher you forth a hero!" "O! the tedious waiting, the long and dreary watching—night is endless—and look! the stars that but now shone forth are vanished; hope goes out like

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those diamond—lights of heaven! "But comes again even like those stars. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. So shall your aspirations be realized, if thou will be but patient!"

BENONI flung himself into a chair and bowing his head hid his face in his hands. Suddenly he looked up, a smile wreathed his lips and in his dark eyes beamed a bright light which irradiated his pale features. "I will master my passion," he said, "for I remember now: The heights by great men reached and kept, Were not attained by sudden flight, But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night!"

"Give me that favorite book of yours, MOREH NEBUCHIM. Ah, Maimonides, how much am I indebted to thee, Menasseh Ben Israel in thee found a true friend, and I, in both have found two counsellors that shall go with me as fast friends through all the pilgrimage of my days on earth!" He said no more, but bent his head in deep study, and to me was soon lost. My pen resumed its work, new thoughts came thronging to my brain fresher and fuller as the hours of night stole on heaping up ideas upon ideas until the gray dawn in "russet mantle clad" broke in the East; "night's candles were burned out," and "jocund day stood tip-toe on the misty mountain top." BENONI started, new life seemed to animate his whole being; "I must be gone and live!" he said, "Farewell, brave heart, we shall meet again, I am restless still:

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And there hath been my bane; there is a fire,
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore."

Years have rolled by since that night. BENONI has realized in part the dream of those hours and is still ascending! But O! how bitter has oftentimes been the grief which has swelled his heart, reviled when most true, most brave in the cause of Judaism, misunderstood, misconceived, yet battling on in spite of slander, of envy, in spite of fortune's fickle favors, treacherous friends, the "insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." Yet it is ever thus:

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in cloud and
snow;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind

Must look down on the hate of those below,
Though high above the Sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits
led."

THE PATHS OF KNOWLEDGE.

"He that will inquire out the best books in every science and inform himself of the most material authors of the several sects of philosophy and religion, will not find it an intricate work to acquaint himself with the sentiments of mankind concerning the most weighty and comprehensive subjects."

The author of the Essay on "Human Understanding," has uttered in the foregoing sentence that which has been the great incentive to conquer ignorance and develop knowledge among all those who have been architects of their own education, and that broad catholicity which elevates the mind and ennobles the heart of man.

Our libraries are the great repositories of human wisdom. Our young men need but to be directed aright in the selection of their authors, and if there be any foundation upon which ideas can be sown, and inherent power to discriminate and distinguish, the soil must bear new fruit and bring forth new harvests.

ROUMANIA.—The effects which the edicts and decrees of the government against the Jews produce is best illustrated in the argument of a Roumanian lawyer. On the third day of January (as we see in the *Israelit*), a band of robbers were tried for highway robbery and murder. The murdered man was a Jew by the name of Joseph Davis. The accused confessed the crime, and yet some of them were found not guilty, and the balance recommended to mercy. The defending lawyer pleaded in the following remarkable manner:

"Gentlemen of the jury! Let us see what the crime is of which the defendants are accused. According to my opinion they have done a laudable deed,

as according to the circulars which require that all Jews be driven from the villages, and which measure are sanctioned, as seen from the proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies, the populace is enraged at the Jews, so that the outrages which are committed against the Jews deserve appreciation. The villagers have only done their duty as patriotic Roumanians; though the defendants are Bohemians, their position is similar to that of Roumanians. Every Roumanian ought to act in like manner."

Who would have thought it possible that there is a government yet in Europe where murder is openly sanctioned, and robbery legalized? Prejudice wields a mighty power, and there is no telling what a people may be brought to, if under the influence of religious prejudice.—J. R.

"THE JEWISH MESSENGER."

PUBLISHED IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, BY REY,
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Advancement and Enlightenment
of Israelites!

The Serials which appear in this Newspaper have obtained great popularity, and have been published in book form. A story of Jewish Life, called "THE SENIOR STUDENT," is contained in the current numbers.

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NEW ROUTE.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN JOSE,
WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

Central Pacific Railroad via Oakland
Ferry.

Reduction of Fare.

On the First of September, 1870, the Fare between San Francisco and San Jose will be reduced to

TWO DOLLARS!

TWO TRAINS DAILY, as follows:

Leave San Francisco 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.
Arrive at San Jose 12 M. and 5:35 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave San Jose 7:45 A. M. and 4:35 P. M.
Arrive at San Francisco 9:40 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS for Saturdays and Sundays to San Jose and return, THREE DOLLARS.

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T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Sacramento.

SAN QUENTIN FERRY,
For San Rafael from Ferry Wharf,
Davis Street, bet. Broadway and Vallejo.

On and after April 30, 1870, the favorite steamer CONTRA COSTA, Capt. J. T. McKenzie, will leave as follows, daily, (Sundays excepted):

San Francisco, 9:30 a. m.; 1 p. m.; 4:30 p. m.

San Quentin, 8 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.; 2:45 p. m.

Connecting at Point San Quentin with the recently constructed Railroad to San Rafael, and with stages for Otilia, Tomales, Bolinas and Nicasia.

In order to encourage pleasure travel, Horses and Buggies will be taken at very much reduced rates. For further particulars apply to the Captain on board, or to CHAS. MINTURN.

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VIA LAKEVILLE.**

Change of Hours.

Summer Arrangement—On and after
August 16th, leaving Vallejo-street Wharf daily (Sundays excepted), the steamer PETALUMA, Capt. Wm. Warner, at 8:30 A. M., and the steamer CLINTON, Capt. C. M. Baxter, at 2:30 P. M. Connecting by the 8:30 A. M. boat with stages for Bodega, Bloomfield, Duncan's Mills, Tomales, Santa Rosa, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyerville, Shaggs Springs, Anderson Valley, Novato, Albion and Big Rivers, Noyo, Fort Bragg, Ukiah, Long Valley, Clear Lake, and Lakeport. Returning, leave Petaluma at 8 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.

The travelling public will find this the most expeditious and economical route.

CHAS. MINTURN, Agent.

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The new and Light Draught Steamer EXPRESS will run between Oakland and San Francisco, via the Creek Route, on and after June 20th, at the following hours, from Pacific-street Wharf:

Leaving Brooklyn—7 a. m.

San Francisco—10 a. m.; 4 p. m.

Oakland—8 a. m.; 12 m.

SUNDAYS:

San Francisco—9:30 a. m.; 1 p. m.; 6:30 p. m.

Oakland—8 a. m.; 11 a. m.; 5 p. m.

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All Steamers touch at Acapulco. Steamers of the 18th

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Through tickets sold to and from Liverpool, Queen-

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CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

TIME SCHEDULE, SEPT. 2, 1870.

EASTWARD.	Express Train Daily.	Passenger Sundays excepted.	Mixed
San Francisco	Leave 8:00 A. M.	Leave 4:00 P. M.	Leave 7:00 P. M.
Oakland	8:30 A. M.	4:30 P. M.	
San Jose	7:45 P. M.	4:35 P. M.	
Stockton	12:02 P. M.	7:03 P. M.	
Sacramento	1:50 P. M.	Arrive 9:30 P. M.	Arrive 7:00 A. M.
Marysville	2:10 P. M.	Arrive 9:00 P. M.	Arrive 1:15 P. M.
Chico	4:00 P. M.	Arrive 1:15 P. M.	Arrive 2:30 P. M.

WESTWARD.	Express Train Daily.	Passenger Sundays excepted.	Mixed
Ogden	Leave 6:00 P. M.	Leave 5:00 P. M.	Leave 5:00 P. M.
Kelton	10:42 P. M.	1:30 A. M.	1:30 A. M.
Elko	8:45 A. M.	7:15 P. M.	7:15 P. M.
Carlin	10:15 A. M.	9:45 P. M.	9:45 P. M.
Battle Mountain	12:00 M.	8:10 A. M.	8:10 A. M.
Elko	3:00 P. M.	10:40 A. M.	10:40 A. M.
Kelton	4:15 P. M.	12:30 P. M.	12:30 P. M.
Ogden	8:45 A. M.	7:45 A. M.	7:45 A. M.

THROUGH TICKETS to all Principal Cities in Europe for sale at the Company's Offices.

P.M. A.M. LOCAL TRAINS. A.M. P.M.

3:00 9:00 Leave SAN FRANCISCO. Arrive 9:40 7:30

3:00 9:00 Leave OAKLAND. Arrive 9:10 7:05

4:40 11:00 Leave NILES. Arrive 8:15 5:35

5:35 12:00 Arrive SAN JOSE. Leave 7:45 4:35

From SAN FRANCISCO. From OAKLAND. From BROOKLYN.

B 6:50 A. M. B 5:40 A. M. B 5:30 A. M.

D 8:00 A. M. B 6:55 A. M. B 6:45 A. M.

9:00 A. M. B 8:00 A. M. B 7:50 A. M.

D 10:00 A. M. B 9:00 A. M. B 9:00 A. M.

11:00 A. M. B 10:00 A. M. B 9:00 P. M.

D 12:00 M. B 11:00 A. M. B 10:00 M.

2:00 P. M. B 12:00 M. B 11:00 A. M.

D 3:00 P. M. B 2:00 P. M. B 2:00 P. M.

4:00 P. M. B 3:00 P. M. B 3:00 P. M.

5:15 P. M. B 4:00 P. M. B 4:00 P. M.

6:15 P. M. B 5:00 P. M. B 5:00 P. M.

B 11:30 P. M. B 6:35 P. M. B 6:35 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO. From ALAMEDA. From HAYWARD.

B 7:20 A. M. B 5:20 A. M. B 4:30 A. M.

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The "Voice of Israel."

SAN FRANCISCO: FRIDAY, OCT. 7, 1870.

Latest Foreign Jewish News.

The Morning Advertiser learns that the poor Russian Jews, fleeing from their native country, and hastening to Koenigsberg, from whence they hope to reach America, cause the inhabitants of Praunberg, a place in enlightened Prussia, great terror. These poor emigrants are looked upon, by the farmers of that village, as persons anxious to drink the blood of Christians. Many rumors circulate about terrible deeds perpetrated by the Jews, who certainly are the most inoffensive who ever trod the ground of that benighted neighborhood.

We cull from the latest Jewish journals received from Europe the following items:

Emilia Axrom, our eminent co-religionist, has been appointed Italian Minister at the Court of Europe. Franz Joseph, of Austria. The distinguished diplomat and statesman has already arrived at Vienna. The United States is thus not alone in recognizing the claims of her citizens of Hebrew faith.

If Secret Orders, Benevolent Societies, Associations, etc., will favor us with their locations, times and places of meeting, officers, etc., or any other information often useful not only to the general public but to themselves, we shall cheerfully publish. Address M. Weiss, Publisher, 511 Sacramento st.

Directory of Congregations.

Congregation "Sherith Israel."

Corner of Post and Taylor streets.

Dr. A. J. Missing, Rabbi.
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F. Toplitz, Vice-President.
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H. Greenberg, Vice President.
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Congregation "Beth Israel."

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Market Street. Please send names of Officers.

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Meet every third Sunday of each Month, at Golden Gate and Columbia Hall, Sutter St.

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Directory of Secret Orders.

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B'nai B'rith Hall, 105 Post Street.

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A. L. Badt, Grand Sopher.
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Meet Thursday evenings, at 728 Montgomery street.

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G. Kalisher, Sgn. L. Levy,
Sh. —, S. H. S. Northon.
Meet Monday evenings, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

American Protestant Associations.

B'nai B'rith Hall, 105 Post Street.

CALIFORNIA LODGE No. 1.

Meets every Monday evening.
Bernard Blanch, W. Master.
H. Hickie, Rec. Sec.

YERBA BUENA LODGE No. 2.

Meets every Tuesday evening.
William Kane, W. Master.
Robert Spence, Rec. Sec.

MOUNT HOREB LODGE No. 4.

Meets every Saturday evening.
Lorenzo Cady, W. Master.
Albert Kennedy, Rec. Sec.

ODD FELLOWS' LODGES.

CALIFORNIA, No. 1.—Meet every Monday, in Covenant Hall, Odd Fellows' Hall.—Edwin Lewis, N. G.; L. Reynolds, V. G.; W. L. LaRose, Sec'y; M. P. Holmes, Treas'r; Thomas Phair, P. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, No. 3.—Meet every Friday, at Covenant Hall, O. F. Hall.—J. D. Casebolt, N. G.; Arthur Waters, V. G.; A. R. Macdonald, Sec.; H. P. Brooks, Treasurer; H. J. Helmmann, P. S.

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YERBA BUENA, No. 15.—Meet every Thursday, at Covenant Hall—C. W. Taber, N. G.; E. P. Batchelder, V. G.; Benj. A. Prindle, Sec.; Henry C. Squire, Treas.; Franklin Williams, P. S.

TEMPLAR, No. 17.—Meet every Wednesday, Covenant Hall—D. J. Staples, N. G.; T. B. Robinson, V. G.; L. Wadham, Sec.; W. R. Didrick, Treas.; C. T. Bidwell, P. S.

MAGNOLIA, No. 29.—Meets every Tuesday at Wildey Hall, Odd Fellows' Hall.—J. N. Gregg, N. G.; Simon Wolf, V. G.; James D. Connell, Sec.; J. J. Frank, Treas.

BAY CITY, No. 71.—Meet every Monday, at Wildey Hall—A. H. Lissak, Jr., N. G.; J. N. King, V. G.; C. Schneitacher, Sec.; B. Ordenstem, Treas.; E. Levy, P. S.

ABOU BEN ADHAM, No. 112.—Meet every Thursday, at Wildey Hall—David H. Swim, N. G.; F. B. Harrington, V. G.; John F. Kennedy, Sec.; A. M. Genung, Treas.; A. G. Wood, P. S.

GERMANIA, No. 116.—Meet every Wednesday, at Wildey Hall.—Jacob Schleicher, N. G.; Wm. Becker, V. G.; John F. Lang, Sec.; A. Bahrs, Treas.; John A. Richter, P. S.

CONCORDIA, No. 122.—Meet every Monday, at Parker Hall, Odd Fellows' Hall—Claus Gerken, N. G.; Chas. Trautner, V. G.; Jacob Nibbe, Sec.; Gustave Meyer, Treas.; Wm. Stelling, P. S.

APOLLO, No. 123.—Meet every Friday, at Wildey Hall—J. C. Langton, N. G.; Chas. E. Terrill, V. G.; Holland Smith, Sec.; W. H. Baxton, Treas.; W. F. Norcross, P. S.

PARKER, No. 124.—Meet every Tuesday at Parker Hall—T. A. Robinson, N. G.; Wm. Wilson, V. G.; A. J. Chambers, Sec.; W. J. Tilley, Treas.; N. T. Root, P. S.

UNITY, No. 131.—Meet every Tuesday, corner of Sixteenth and Valencia sts.—William Bren, N. G.; W. G. Millman, V. G.; Jacob Goss, Sec.; H. F. C. Christinson, Treas.

HERMANN, No. 145.—Meet every Wednesday at Parker Hall—G. W. Hildebrand, N. G.; R. Neuenschwander, V. G.; Charles Born, Sec.; Chas. M. Stein, Treas.; Chas. Friedmann, P. S.

PACIFIC, No. 155.—Meet every Thursday at Parker Hall—Henry C. George, N. G.; C. W. Mann, V. G.; Wm. H. Birch, Sec.; D. Hemler, Treas.; John P. Spooner, P. S.

OPHIR, No. 171.—Meet every Friday at Parker Hall—M. M. Baldwin, N. G.; Louis Eppinger, V. G.; H. J. Hartnagel, Sec.; Z. Birdsall, Treas.; L. Soher, P. S.

occidental, No. 179.—Meet at Relief Hall, Odd Fellows' Hall, (Night not yet settled)—Thos. H. Brooks, N. G.; C. P. Robe, V. G.; D. C. Smith, Sec.; I. M. Burstell, Treas.; August Ludorff, P. S.

ENCAMPMENTS.

GOLDEN GATE, No. 1.—Meet second and third Fridays, at Encampment Hall, Odd Fellows' Hall—J. D. Barnard, C. P.; Chas. H. Mead, J., H. P.; C. H. Wade, S. W.; Franklin Williams, Scribe; James Davis, Treas.; D. W. Lake, J. W.

WALHALLA, No. 7.—Meets first and third Fridays, at Encampment Hall—D. Beeker, C. P.; Chas. Flachweyer, H. P.; Jacob Nibbe, S. W.; Claus Gerken, Scribe; H. F. Maase, Treas.; Joseph Boleer, J. W.

WILDEY, No. 28.—Meets second and fourth Saturday, at Encampment Hall—Wm. Cutler, C. P.; J. P. G. Miller, H. P.; F. Kennedy, S. W.; John Tucker, Scribe; J. D. McKenna, Treas.; Chas. W. Taber, J. W.

UNITY, No. 26.—Meets second and fourth Monday, at Encampment Hall—Jacob Shew, C. P.; F. H. Staple, H. P.; H. E. Ballant, S. W.; Henry Hoeber, Scribe; George J. W. Monell, Treas.; W. Cummings, Jr., J. W.

IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.

tribes meeting in Hall corner Bush and Kearny.

MARIN TRIBE, No. 1.—Tuesdays—Sachem, M. Hang; Prophet, M. Hoffman; Chief of Records, W. Hardmeyer.

HIAWATHA TRIBE, No. 3.—Monday—Sa. S. Van Deusen; Pro. John S. Carter; C. of R., C. C. Lindsey.

MANZANITA TRIBE, No. 4.—Wednesday—H. Koster; Pro. S. Jenks; C. of R., Lloyd Jones.

ST. TAMMANY TRIBE, No. 5.—Friday—Sa. —; C. of R., John F. English.

IRITABA TRIBE, No. 6.—Thursday—Sa. B. Devy; Pro. S. Gumbinner; C. of R., H. A. Chase.

YOSEMITE TRIBE, No. 7.—Wednesday—Sa. P. A. Still; Pro. Jos. Caprice; C. of R., I. N. Hoin.

WILLAMETTE TRIBE, No. 8.—Thursday—Sa. C. Ottman; Pro. — Hedderick; C. of R., Martin Gerken.

MIANTONOMAH TRIBE, No. 9.—Tuesday—Sa. A. K. Stevens; Pro., F. E. Thomas; C. of R., L. M. Manzar.

POHONACHEE TRIBE, No. 10.—Monday—Sa. — Coon; Pro., A. Starbire; C. of R., H. Campbell.

POCAHONTAS TRIBE, No. 11.—Friday—Sa., H. S. Morton; Pro., J. P. Wentworth; C. of R., J. H. Williams.

SOTOYOME TRIBE, No. 12.—Saturday—Sa., H. S. Kelley; Pro., Fisher—C. of R., S. M. Scott.

KLAMATH TRIBE, No. 13.—Saturday—Sa., C. S. Wright; Pro., D. Skerrett—C. of R., T. C. Owens.

TUSCARORA TRIBE, No. 36.—Sunday—Sa., Henry Groom; Pro., C. Woodberry—C. of R., Thos. J. Dixon.

Meeting in Corinthian Hall, Post St.

WILHEWAH TRIBE, No. 33.—Thursday—Sa., A. C. Pirani Pro., —; C. of R., Robert Derry.

Meeting in Tittle's Hall.

MINNEWA TRIBE, No. 25.—Thursday—Sa., Chas. F. Schmidt; Pro., —; C. of R., Chas. Thierbach.

GREAT COUNCIL OF CALIFORNIA.